# CURSORY
# REMARKS
## ON
## Mr. *WARBURTON*'s
## NEW EDITION
## OF
## Mr. *POPE*'s WORKS.

OCCASIONED

By that modern Commentator's injurious Treatment, in one of his Notes upon the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, of

The Author of the *Life of Socrates*.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

---

λεγεται γενεσθαι ἀνηρ ος εδιδασκεν την τε [illegible]συνην, και αδικιαν μη ΨΕΥΔΕΣΘΑΙ [illegible] ΨΕΥΔΕΣΘΑΙ· και μη ΕΞΑΠΑΤΑΝ, [illegible]ΞΑΠΑΤΑΝ· και μη ΔΙΑΒΑΛΛΕΙΝ, και ΔΙΑΒΑΛΛΕΙΝ. Xenoph. Cyrop. lib. 1.

---

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Eſq;
Author of the LIFE of SOCRATES.

---

*LONDON*:
Printed for M. COOPER in *Pater-noſter-Row*.
MDCCLI.

# Curſory Remarks, &c.

*SIR*,

I Should not have troubled you with the following Remarks on that indigeſted Heap of learned and unlearned Lumber, which Mr. *Warburton* has huddled together from the motley Dregs of deſultory Reading, ſtrained through the muddy Head and bitter Heart of an inveterate Controverſialiſt, in his Notes and Commentaries, on the Works of that great poetical Ornament to our Nation Mr. POPE, as Dullneſs will naturally gravitate to Oblivion as its proper Center; had not his ungentleman-like Abuſe of *Me*, and not his Reflections on a late Performance of mine,[a] ſtrongly called upon me to vindicate my Character from the Charge of the *Iniquity of impudent Abuſe and Slander*.[b]

I have undergone, young as I am, too many Diſappointments in Life, to wonder much at many Things which the Mob of Mankind call *extraordinary*, otherwiſe I might be ſurprized that



[a] See the Life of *Socrates*.
[b] See the Note on the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, Vol. I. p. 151.

almoſt a total Retirement from the World would not ſhelter me from the Injuries of it, eſpecially too at an Age when Few have had any Concerns with it. I thought I might have enjoyed an unenvied Obſcurity in the moſt undiſturbed Peace and Tranquility, and that *Calumny* was too buſy about the Names of thoſe who were Candidates for Fame, to find Time to viſit the Receſs of one, whoſe Contempt of every Advantage of Life, but what conduced to Quiet, ſhould, it was hoped, protect him from the pois'nous Breath of that Daughter of *Envy*. But I was greatly miſtaken, it ſeems, in my humble Expectations; for I had ſcarcely begun to feel the calm Comforts which the Abſence of Contention yields to a thinking Creature, before I was informed by Letters from ſome Friends in Town, that Mr. *Warburton* had, with his uſual Humanity and good Manners, very compendiouſly anſwered *the Life of Socrates* in the Tail of one Note, by the free Uſe of thoſe Appellations he has indiſcriminately thrown out upon, not only all thoſe who have ever had any Controverſy with him, but upon all others too, whom he ever ſuſpected to have the Raſhneſs to contradict any of his Opinions. [c]

Howſoever this would have alarmed me heretofore as an Author from the Pen of any other Perſon, it had no Effect upon me *then* from the Writer it came from, and I ſat down contemptuouſly

---

[c] Witneſs his unprovoked Treatment of Dr. *Akinſide*, the worthy Author of one of the fineſt and moſt genuine Poems that adorns ours or any other Language, the *Pleaſures of the Imagination*.

tuouſly contented, without ſo much as being ſollicitous to know what Abuſe he had conferred upon my Writings. I ſay, Abuſe, for he never ſpeaks of an Opponent without it. But as indifferent as I was about my Character as a Writer, I can't ſay I was quite ſo eaſy when I was afterwards told, that he had attacked it as a Man. I then immediately began to enquire in the Country for this *new* Edition, which otherwiſe perhaps I ſhould not have had the bad Taſte to have looked into. I accordingly procured it, when to my no ſmall Surprize, as low an Opinion as I had of his good Manners, I found, previous to his pretended borrowed Witticiſm about the *Camera Obſcura*, ſuch miſerable Spawn of wretched Malice, as nothing but the inflamed Brain of a rank Monk could conceive, or the Oyſter-ſelling Maids near *London-Bridge* could utter. Upon this I wrote to him, that I thought he had uſed me very ill, and ſhould take a *proper* Notice of him for it in Publick; in Anſwer to which he tells a Friend of mine, *That he was ſurprized I ſhould think myſelf ill uſed, for that he had never mentioned my Name or Writings in Public, or in Converſation, but with Honour, till I had wrote a Book wherein I had treated him thro' the whole with a Scurrility worſe than* Billingſgate, *and that he had now taken no other Revenge than the caſual Mention of the Author of the Life of* Socrates *(without the Mention of my Name) with a ſlight Joke.*

I will aſk any impartial Reader, if there is the leaſt Reflection thro' the whole *Life of Socrates*, or the Notes, upon Mr. *W*'s *Morals?* whether I have not confined my Criticiſm to his *Practice* as an Author? and whether every thing therein advanced cannot be proved over and over again by Citations

Citations from the *Divine Legation*, and his other Tracts? At the ſame time I deſire one Part of the Diſpute betwixt us may be finiſhed by an Anſwer to theſe Queſtions: Is not calling a guiltleſs Man an *impudent Slanderer*, Calumny? and quite a different Revenge than a *ſlight Joke?* Has not Mr. *Warburton* done that in the Note in Queſtion? Therefore before he had ventured theſe Aſſertions, he ſhould have conſidered that *Epictetus* would tell him πρωτος και αναγκαιοτατος τοπος εν φιλοσοφια εστι ΜΗ ΨΕΥΔΕΣΘΑΙ.[a] But alas! a Diſpenſation with Truth is one of the moſt notable ſubſidiary Helps this Man has in Controverſy! which is a plain Confirmation that, however he may deſpiſe the ancient Philoſophers, he has taken one Hint from *their double Doctrine*, by practiſing one thing whilſt he teaches another; μη Ψευδεσθαι being his *exoteric* Doctrine, but Ψευδεσθαι his *eſoteric*.

But above all things recommend me to his Jeſuitical Diſtinction, wherein conſiſts his boaſted Lenity, that *he made only Mention of the* Author of the Life of Socrates *without mentioning my Name*; but then how can he free himſelf from this Dilemma? if it was that *forgotten thing* he repreſents it in his Note, how could it ſerve at all for an Example of *impudent Abuſe and Slander?* if not ſo *far* forgotten as to ſerve for an Example, might not he as well have mentioned my Name at Length, for did not I prefix it to that Piece in the Title Page?

However willing he is to have it thought that I was the Aggreſſor, and that he would not have fallen

---

[a] Enchir. cap. 76.

fallen upon me in this inhuman Manner without ſome Provocation, I have great reaſon to believe, from his Treatment of others, that, conſidering the favourable tho' undeſerv'd Reception the *Life of Socrates* met with from the Public, I ſhould not have eſcaped his good-natur'd Notice, even admitting I had never in the courſe of my Argument call'd his Opinions *profeſſedly* in Queſtion; for how could a living Advocate for Benevolence, and the Dignity of human Nature, hope to eſcape the Rage of one who had ſo far declar'd a *Quixotic* War with both, as impiouſly to ruſh into the Tombs of the Dead, and to deliver up the Aſhes of thoſe to Defamation, who had been moſt glorious Ornaments of our Species. [e] The literary Conteſt betwixt him and Mankind in general, has been long and violent, in which he has been pleaſed to deal about with an unſparing Pen, thoſe agreeable Expreſſions, *Fool* and *Knave*, [f] yet methinks 'tis a little impolitic to continue the Diſpute any longer; for who knows but his Antagoniſts may be at laſt ſo far irritated, as to recriminate; and then, as they are infinitely ſuperior to him in Numbers, and there is no third party left to judge betwixt 'em, I'm afraid the World would be partial, and decide in its own favour. Such at leaſt was the unfortunate Situation of poor *Nat. Lee*, in regard to Madneſs, who, being viſited in Bedlam by ſome of his poetical Admirers,

---

[e] The firſt *Academics*, and many of the more humane Stoics among the Ancients; Lord *Shaftesbury*, Mr. *Geddes*, and Mr. *Hutcheſon*, among the Moderns.

[f] The ancient Philoſophers in the lump are call'd *Fools in Theory*, and *Knaves in Practice*, in a Preface to his Journeyman's Pamphlet.

Admirers, and being aſk'd, not very wiſely it muſt be confeſs'd, how ſo great a Man came to be confined in thoſe Regions of diſorder'd intellects, made anſwer ſhrewdly enough, that *he had long thought all Mankind mad, and all Mankind had thought him mad, but Numbers had prevail'd againſt Juſtice.* This, there is too great reaſon to expect, may ere long be his Caſe; but as I am not to defend myſelf at preſent as an *undiſtinguiſh'd* Individual of that aggregate Body, a ſtronger Call urging me to anſwer as one, particularly ſingled out to be branded by him, 'tis time to come to the Point in Queſtion, and examine the *wild Joke* he is pleas'd to make upon me, and with which he ſeems to be ſo greatly delighted. How true is that Obſervation of the Author of the *Dunciad!*

" —— gentle Dullneſs ever loves *a joke!*"

That I may not therefore be thought to deal unfairly by repreſenting his *Joke* in any Words but his own, which would be indeed above my Abilities to perform, I ſhall tranſcribe this beautiful Paſſage as I find it, both as a Precept and Example of what kind of Writing may rival the ancient Wits of *Greece* and *Rome*, whoſe Compoſitions conſtituted the Rules, and contemporary Critics who drew 'em from their Writings. The Lines, upon which this commentary is made, begin in the 149th Page of the firſt Volume,

" Hear how learn'd *Greece*, *&c.*

which I dare ſay every Reader ſufficiently underſtood before this modern *Ariſtoxenus* ſmother'd the Senſe, in the unintelligible Jargon of modern Criticiſm, and the more offenſive Rankneſs of perſonal Abuſe.

Here

Hear how learn'd *Greece*, &c. ver. 92.] "He "ſpeaks (ſays his Editorſhip) of the *ancient Critics* "firſt, and with great Judgment, as the previous "Knowledge of them is neceſſary for reading "the Poets, with that Fruit which the Intent "here propoſed requires. (INDEED!) But having "in the previous Obſervation ſufficiently ex- "plained the *Nature* of ancient Criticiſm, he en- "ters on the Subject (treated of from v. 92 to "118.) with a ſublime Deſcription of its *End*; "which was to illuſtrate the Beauties of the beſt "Writers, in order to excite others to an Emu- "lation of their Excellence. From the Admi- "ration which theſe Ideas raiſe in him, the Poet "is naturally brought back to reflect on the "Degeneracy of modern Criticiſm: and as the "reſtoring the Art to its original Integrity and "Splendor is the great Purpoſe of his Poem, "he firſt takes Notice of thoſe, who ſeem not to "underſtand that *Nature* is exhauſtleſs, that "*new Models* of good Writing may be produc'd "in every Age, and conſequently *new Rules* may "be form'd from theſe Models in the ſame man- "ner as the old Critics form'd theirs, from the "Writings of the ancient Poets: but theſe Men "wanting Art and Ability to form theſe *new* "*Rules*, are content to receive, and file up for "uſe, the old ones of *Ariſtotle*, *Quinctilian*, *Lon-* "*ginus*, *Horace*, &c. with the ſame Vanity and "Boldneſs that Apothecaries practiſe with "their Doctors Bills: and thus raſhly applying "them to *new Originals* (Caſes which they did "not hit) it was no more in their Power than "their Inclination, to imitate the candid Practice "of the *Ancients*, where,

" The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's Fire,
" And taught the World with Reaſon to ad-
" mire.

" *For* as *Ignorance*, when join'd with *Humility*, pro-
" duces ſtupid Admiration, on which account it
" is ſo commonly obſerv'd to be the *Mother of*
" *Devotion* and blind Homage; ſo when join'd
" with *Vanity* (as it always is in bad Critics) it
" gives birth to every Iniquity of impudent
" Abuſe and Slander. See an Example (for
" want of a better) in a late worthleſs and now
" forgotten thing, call'd *the Life of Socrates*,
" where the Head of the Author (as a Man of
" Wit obſerv'd on reading the Book) has juſt
" made a ſhift to do the Office of a *Camera Ob-*
" *ſcura*, and repreſent things in an inverted Or-
" der, himſelf above, and *Sprat*, *Rollin*, *Voltaire*,
" and every other Author of Reputation, *below*."
Warburton's Comment. Vol. 1. p. 151.

Before I proceed to a farther Examination of this Paſſage, I muſt obſerve that he has very unfortunately uſed the Epithet *Impudent*, as it naturally reminds every Reader, that the Pamphlet which was publiſh'd about two Years ago, addreſs'd to the *moſt impudent Man alive*, was univerſally acknowledg'd to be dedicated to our Commentator. So that in this Caſe he plays the part of that *Dutch Painter*, who, not being bleſs'd with the moſt favourable ſet of Features imaginable, drew from his own *Batavian* Figure in a Looking Glaſs, a dull round Countenance, and then wrote under every Copy, the Names of thoſe who had been ſo unfortunate to fall under his Diſpleaſure. But our Commentator, not contented with transferring the Virtues of his own Complexion into mine, tells the Public upon his Word,

Word, that *that the Life of Socrates* is both a *worthleſs* and *forgotten Thing*. That there is no very great Merit in it I will readily allow, but that it is the *forgotten Thing* he calls it, I am not ſo inclinable to think; as this envenom'd Commentary ſeems to flow from the Gall of one who ſtill ſmarts with the Laſh of that *Scythian* Scourge I mentioned in my *Deſign*.

He ſays a *Man of Wit* obſerv'd to him, that " the Head of the Author of the Life of *Socrates* " has juſt made a ſhift to do the Office of a " *Camera Obſcura*, and repreſent things in an " inverted Order, himſelf *above*, and *Sprat*, *Rol-* " *lin*, *Voltaire*, and every other Author of Repu- " tation, *below*." It was well he told us it came from a Man of *Wit*, otherwiſe we could not find common Senſe in it; but perhaps that total want of common Senſe may be a thorough Proof to Mr. *Warburton*, that it is not only Wit, but the moſt *Sublime* Wit too, for if " the Sublimities " of Poetry (as he obſerves a few Pages lower, " p. 155.) like the Myſteries of Religion, ſome " of which are above Reaſon, and ſome con- " trary to it, may be divided into *two Sorts*, " ſuch as are *above* Rules, and ſuch as are *con-* " *trary* to them;" I ſuppoſe he thinks there is an analogous Diviſion of Wit into *two Sorts* likewiſe, ſuch as is *above* Senſe, and ſuch as is *contrary* to it; therefore being willing to give the Reader an illuſtrious Example of both *theſe Sorts* of Wit, uniting their Sublime Influence together, he illuſtrates his Argument with a Simile, which will never enter into the Heart of mortal Man to conceive; being *above* Senſe, *below* Senſe, *contrary* to Senſe, but never *near* any Senſe. By which he has verified for once one of his own

Obſervations, " that Search after Wit is not only " the Occaſion, but the efficient Cauſe of the " Loſs of common Senſe." [g]

Nevertheleſs let us have ſo much Charity to lend this *Camera Obſcura* a little Light,

" Which reigns here
" In double Night of Darkneſs." [h]

For if the Paragraph is not dull all round, and like the Grove *Lucan* [i] deſcribes near *Marſeilles*, impenetrable to every Ray, we may with ſome Pains turn aſide a weak Twig, and let in as much Day, as will (tho' I confeſs nothing can enlighten it) at leaſt render this reſpectable Gloom,

" Not Light, but rather Darkneſs viſible,"

as *Milton* calls Hell.

He ſays, " the Author's Head has juſt made " a ſhift *to do* the Office of a *Camera Obſcura*, " and repreſent things in an inverted Order, *&c.*" I find by this our Philoſopher has *to do* with a very imperfect Apparatus. 'Tis true indeed one ſingle Lens in a *Camera Obſcura*, does repreſent things in an inverted Order; for the Rays of Light converging till they croſs one another at a Focus, and then diverging again, muſt neceſſarily invert every Object receiv'd from without, except

---

[g] Comment. on the 28th v. of the Eſſ. on Critic.

[h] Milton's Comus.

[i] Obſcurum cingens connexis aëra ramis,
Et gelidas alte ſummotis ſolibus umbras. *Lib.* 3.

cept another Lens at a proper Diſtance reinverts 'em into their proper Order. So that if Mr. *Warburton* himſelf ſhould be caſually paſſing by at ſuch a time, he would appear upon the Show Cloth within topſyturvy, with his Heels where his Head ſhould be. I ſuppoſe therefore he means, if he means any thing, (I hope he will thank me for helping his Wit to a little Senſe, and his Simile to ſome Likeneſs) that my Head, i. e. (in a figurative way of ſpeaking) my Imagination, has repreſented it to the Public, that he ought to be hung up by the Heels. Why faith my Love for Peace is ſuch, that however erroneous he may be in this Point, I will not enter into a Controverſy about the Matter. But I muſt be excus'd in taking away the good Company he is ſo willing to drag into the ſame Situation; ſuch as thoſe ever reſpected names, *Rollin* and *Cudworth*; but if by the Expreſſion of *every other* Author of Reputation, he means thoſe *reputable* Gentlemen I thought proper to ſtigmatize, as Abuſers of human Reaſon, *Spinoza*, *Hobbes*, *Porphyry*, and that *Warburton* [k] among the Ancients *Ariſtoxenus*, he is heartily welcome to ſuch Companions, and indeed

"This is worſhipful Society!"

But in the name of *Janus* how comes this Man to act ſo double a Part, as to put *Sprat* at the Head of

---

[k] See the Character of *Ariſtoxenus* in the *Life of Socrates* p. 70. 3d Edition. The Monk *Suidas* ſays of him Ἀριστόξενος, εἰς ὃν ΑΠΟΘΑΝΟΝΤΑ ὑβρισε. What has been our Commentator's Treatment of Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Theobald*, after their Death, with both of whom he wrote in partnerſhip of Fame when living?

of the *Authors of Reputation*, that he may thereby cenſure me for treating him and the *Small* Wits in the flowery Reign of *Charles* the 2d. with Contempt, and yet in this very ſame Work of his to degrade the poor Biſhop more than I have done, and, if poſſible, more than he deſerves? My Criticiſm was confin'd to expoſe the Metaphorical Nothingneſs of a Book [1] which, I know not by what uncommon good Luck, having been too long falſely eſteem'd ſo excellent a Model of good Writing, had miſled the Opinions of many, who either not having, or not making uſe of, any Judgment of their own, implicitly follow the Nonſenſe of public Prejudice, or take for granted whatever they have been told by ſome Predeceſſor of eſtabliſh'd Dullneſs: for a Fool naturally feeds his Intellects with the mental Excrements of a former Fool, one following cloſely behind another,

" Like Hogs to Hogs in Huts of *Weſtphaly*."

Yet this *pretty* Book might ſtill have entertain'd its *pretty* Readers undiſturb'd for me, had the *literary* Frippery been *alone* in queſtion; but as it tended to divert the Attention of the Public from the Study of moral Philoſophy, which teaches us the true Relation one Man bears to another, from whence reſults univerſal Liberty, and *deſignedly* to fix it *ſolely* upon leſs intereſting Subjects, at a time too when the moſt precious of all earthly Bleſſings was greatly in Danger, I thought it deſerv'd Reprehenſion. For if a Treatiſe upon Cobwebs could ſo far infect Mankind with a Madneſs to be ſkill'd in the Policy of Spiders, as

[1] *The Hiſtory of the Royal Society.*

as to leave human Laws (thoſe Bulwarks of temporal Rights) to be trampled upon by Tyrants, however deſpicable in itſelf ſuch a Work might be, it would be as deſtructive to the Happineſs of Society, as the moſt profound Point of Metaphyſical Theology would be, employ'd in the ſame Manner. Theſe were my Reaſons for my free Cenſure of the Author of the *Hiſtory of the Royal Society*. What were Mr. *Warburton*'s I know not; but whatever they were, he is not ſatisfied with condemning the frothy Author in the *Day of his Triumph*, but carries his Ridicule ſtill farther, into the poor Mitred Courtier's Cloſet, and proſecutes his Fooliſhneſs to his Death-bed. A Scene, a human Temper would think, ſhould be an Aſylum from Reproach, to every thing but Wickedneſs!

His Words are theſe: " *Sprat*, rightly *put* at " the Head of the ſmall Wits; he is known " now to moſt Advantage, as the Friend of Mr. " *Cowley*; his Learning was compos'd in the " well rounding of a Period: For as *Seneca* ſaid " of *Triarius*, *compoſitione verborum belle cadentium multos Scholaſticos delectabat omnes decipiebat.* " As to the turn of his Piety and Genius, it is " beſt ſeen by his laſt Will and Teſtament, " where he gives God thanks that he, who had " been bred neither at *Eton* nor *Weſtminſter*, but " at a little Country School by the Church-yard " ſide, ſhould at laſt come to be a Biſhop: But " the Honour of being a *Weſtminſter* School Boy " ſome have at one Age, and ſome at another, " and ſome all their Life long. Our grateful " Biſhop, tho' he had it not in his Youth, yet it " came

" came upon him in his Old Age." [m] Yet nevertheleſs, tho' he has ranſack'd the very dying Words of Biſhop *Sprat*, and expos'd 'em to Ridicule, he tells his Reader in another place, to ſerve another purpoſe, that he was *an Author of Reputation.* [n] Thus his Judgment, like the Traveller's Breath in the Fable, whom the Satyr took home to his Cave, has different and contrary Effects, as different Occaſions require.

This, like the Character of the Duke of *Wharton*, would ſeem very inconſiſtent, was the *ruling Paſſion* unattended to, but

" This Clue once found unravels all the reſt."

It was our Commentator's *ruling Paſſion* for Controverſy, which led him into theſe *ſeeming* Contradictions. He had before had a Controverſy with every Author living but himſelf; he was reſolv'd therefore not to leave even that learned Perſonage undiſputed with. Accordingly we find the following Contention kept up betwixt the Revd. Mr. *Warburton* of *Bruton*, and the Preacher of *Lincolns-Inn*. The firſt ſays, " This " ſhews us how cautious we ought to be in cen- " ſuring the Expreſſions of a Writer, *(ſpeaking* " *of Mr.* POPE) one of whoſe characteriſtic Qua- " lities was Correctneſs of Expreſſion, and Pro- " priety of Sentiment." [o] But the latter as confidently affirms, ſpeaking of a Miſtake that excellent Poet chanc'd to make, that, " *Mr. Pope*, " too

---

[m] *Warburton*'s Commentary, vol. 4. p. 160.
[n] *W*'s. Comment. vol. 1. p. 151.
[o] *Warburton*'s Not. on the Eſſ. on Man, vol. 3. p. 41.

" too attentive to his conſtant Object, Conciſe-
" neſs, has, before he was aware, fallen into this
" Meaning, (i. e. a *miſtaken one*). However this,
" and MANY OTHER INACCURACIES in his Works,
" had been corrected had he lived, as many
" that now firſt appear in this Edition, were
" actually corrected a little before his Death." [p]
*Bayle*, our Critic tells us in his *Divine Legation of Moſes, ſtruck into Paradox to exerciſe the reſtleſs Vigour of his Mind*; but Paradox itſelf, it ſeems, was not Exerciſe enough for the Vigour of our *Critic by Profeſſion*'s Mind, as he inſinuates himſelf [q] to be: therefore, chuſing a more ample Field for Contention, he declar'd War with his own Opinions, where he was ſure to find a never-failing Source of Contradictions.

Nor is the Contempt of Language leſs remarkable in the Compoſitions of this *Modern Critic by Profeſſion*, than his Contempt of Conſiſtency, as we may collect from the extreme Aukwardneſs of Stile, which encumber'd with a Tautology tireſome both to the Ear and Intellects, clumſily halts thro' the elaborate Nothing of every Note and Comment; among others the following illuſtrious Example (*for want of a better*) may be ſufficient. In the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* Mr. *Pope* makes a very ingenious uſe of a Story taken from the ſpurious *Don Quixote*, upon which Mr. *W.* founds this moſt entertaining Note of harmonious Periods. " This Tale is ſo very
" appoſite (*ſays he*) that ONE would naturally
" take it to be of the Poet's own Invention, and
" ſo much in the Spirit of *Cervantes*, that ONE
" might eaſily miſtake it for ONE of the chief

 " Strokes

[p] *Warburton*'s Comment. vol. 4. p. 110.
[q] See his Preface to *Shakeſpear*.

" Strokes of that incomparable Performance;
" but in truth it is neither THIS nor THAT,
" *&c.*" [r] He ſhould have continued his Affection to his dear Word ONE, and ſaid it is neither ONE nor the other. Notable Example of the poliſh'd Stile of a *Critic by Profeſſion!* but ſuch is the inſeparable Connection betwixt Truth and Beauty, betwixt Deformity and Falſehood in Writing, as well as every other Art, that as good Senſe will always expreſs itſelf in good Language, ſo inaccurate Tautology or falſe Grammar are the conſtant literary Vehicles of Nonſenſe.

Methinks after our *modern* Critic, in the Note employ'd againſt me and ſuch bigotted Diſciples of the Ancients, had demonſtrated the Abſurdity of thoſe who ignorantly apply the Rules of *Ariſtotle* and other *old Critics* to *new Originals* and *new Models*, Caſes which (according to his elegant Expreſſion) they did not *hit*, he ſhould not have preſs'd the poor *Stagyrite* into his Service, againſt Senſe and Reaſon, as a Philoſopher, when he had denied his appearance in theſe Caſes as a Critic, and in a point too in which his Doctrine is ſo far from *hitting*, that it quite turns upon a different Subject, and is rather repugnant to, than aiding his Illuſtration. Mr. *Pope* ſays

" What *thin* Partitions Senſe from Thought
" divide!"

At whoſe Tail hangs dangling the following curious Note, moſt cunningly ſeconded, as we ſhall find upon Examination, by a Paſſage in *Ariſtotle*.

What thin, *&c.* lin. 226.] " So thin (ſays
" Mr. *W.*) that the Atheiſtic Philoſophers, as
" *Protagoras*, held, *that Thought was only Senſe*;
" and

[r] *Warburton*'s Note on the Eſſ. on Crit. vol. 1. p. 169. verſ. 267.

" and from thence concluded, that *every Imagi-*
" *nation of every Man* was true : παση φαντασια
" εστιν αληθης. But the Poet determines more
" philoſophically, that they are really and eſſen-
" tially different, how *thin* ſoever the Partition is
" by which they are divided. Thus (to *illuſtrate*
" the Truth of this Obſervation) when a Geo-
" meter conſiders a Triangle, in order to demon-
" ſtrate the Equality of its three Angles to two
" right ones, he has the Picture or Image of
" ſome ſenſible Triangle in his Mind, which is
" Senſe; yet notwithſtanding, he muſt needs
" have the Notion or Idea of an intellectual
" Triangle likewiſe, which is Thought; for this
" plain Reaſon; becauſe every Image or Picture
" of a Triangle muſt needs be obtuſangular, or
" rectangular, or acutangular; but that which
" in his Mind is the Subject of his Propoſition,
" is the Ratio of a Triangle, undetermin'd to any
" of theſe Species." [s] Well! what then after all this moſt *poetically illuſtrative* Comment? Why we ſhall hear *how* and *what* ARISTOTLE ſaid upon *this* Subject, and what is ſtill more curious, our Commentator's Tranſlation. " On this Account
" (adds he) it was that *Ariſtotle* ſaid, Νοηματα
" τινι διοσει, τα μη φαντασματα ειναι, η ωδε
" ταυτα φαντασματα αλλ ουκανευ φαντασματων,
for ſo he reads it, and then tranſlates it thus;
" The Conceptions of the Mind differ *ſomewhat*
" from SENSIBLE IMAGES, they are not SENSIBLE
" IMAGES, and yet not quite free from SENSIBLE
" IMAGES." [t] Here I think is one of the great-eſt Inſtances of a *modern* Critic's Abilities I ever met with! But that we may proceed regularly in the

C 2

[s] *Warburton*'s Note vol the 3d. p. 27, 28.
[t] *Warburton*'s Edit. vol. the 3d. p. 27, 28.

the Examination, it is neceſſary to enquire what the *Maſter of the Peripatetics* is here treating upon. This great Philoſopher having, as it were, diſſected the *human Soul*, and laid open all its Operations in the foregoing Chapters, he begins this, from whence the Paſſage here in Queſtion is taken, which is the 9th Chapter of the third and laſt Book upon that Subject, with this Sentence ; " Now recapitulating what has " been already ſaid, let us obſerve again, that " the Soul is IN A MANNER all Beings." [u] He then goes on and mentions compendiouſly what he has before ſaid at large, *That the Soul comprehends all Objects of the* UNDERSTANDING, *all Objects of the* IMAGINATION, *and all Objects of* SENSE, under which three general Species were comprehended all Beings. For according to this Doctrine, the *Powers of* IMAGINATION in the human Soul hold a middle Rank betwixt the refin'd Faculties of the Underſtanding, and the more groſs Organs of bodily Senſation ; yet each partaking in a ſmall degree of that next below it. That there ſhould be no Confuſion, *Ariſtotle* has diſtinguiſh'd each by a diſtinct Appellation. The Νοητα are the Objects of the *intellectual Faculties* Νοηματα, the φαντασματα are the Objects of the *Imagination* φαντασια, and the αιϑητα the Objects of *Senſe* Αιϑησις. Thus immediately before this poor miſunderſtood Paſſage, ſpeaking of that alternate Connection, he ſays, τα γαρ φαντασματα, ωσπερ αιϑηματα εϛι, πλω ανευ υλης, " The Objects of the Imagination are as " the Objects of Senſe, only that they are without " Matter ;" an Example of which he gave above,

ου

[u] Νυν δ' επει Ψυχης τα λεχϑεντα συγκεφαλαιωσαντες, ειπωμεν παλιν, οτι η Ψυχη τα ονλα ΠΩΣ εϛι παντα. *Ariſtot.* de anima lib. 3. cap. 9.

ου γαρ Λιθος εν τη Ψυχη αλλα το ειδος, " It is " not a Stone which is in the Mind, [i. e. the " Imagination] but the Image of a Stone." And in like manner as the *Powers of the* IMAGINATION partake of the SENSES which are below them, the FIRST *Conceptions* of the *intellectual* Powers, (ΠΡΩΤΑ Νοηματα, i. e. thoſe which *firſt* receive Objects from the *Fancy* or Imagination, which before in its turn receiv'd 'em from the outward Senſes) are mix'd with *the Powers of the* Imagination. This is what the Philoſopher meant by ουδε φαντασματα αλλ' ουκ ανευ φανταματων, " They are not the Objects of *Imagination*, but " not *totally* divided from the Objects of *Imagi-* " *nation.*" By this it is manifeſt how much our great Deſpiſer of ancient Philoſophy was really acquainted with it, by tranſlating φαντασματα SENSIBLE Images, which would quite deſtroy the Author's Reaſoning, who was deſcribing how the different Powers of the *human* Mind were united one to another, and not how *thinly* they were ſeparated; for he (*Ariſtotle*) ſays they partook, being link'd together as by a Chain, of one another's Natures, the lower part of one Power being *in ſome meaſure* mix'd with the upper, or ſuperior part of the Power next below it.

Suppoſe however we ſhould admit that the Stagyrite had wrote, νοηματα τινι διοσει, μη αισθηματα ειναι, η ουδε ταυτα αισθηματα, αλλ' ουκ ανευ αισθηματων, for that is the Greek to his Engliſh, how would that ſerve his Purpoſe? Mr. *Pope*, in the place commented upon, was illuſtrating by ſeveral moſt beautiful Examples, the gradual Progreſſion or Scale of the ſenſual Powers in Beaſts, till they arriv'd at a higher Order, the mental Powers in Man.

" Far

" Far as Creation's ample Range extends,
" The Scale of ſenſual, mental Pow'rs aſcends:
" Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial Race,
" From the green Myriads in the peopled Graſs.
" What Modes of Sight, &c. [x]

Here follow ſeveral poetically deſcrib'd Inſtances, and among others the following.

" How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling Swine
" Compar'd, half reas'ning Elephant, to thine!
" 'Twixt that and Reaſon what a nice Barrier,
" For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
" Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd!
" What thin Partitions Senſe from Thought
" divide!" [y]

The meaning of which is, that the Elephant's inſtinctive Sagacity was ſo ſuperior to all other Animals, and ſo nearly in Appearance approaching to Reaſon, that it could ſcarcely be diſtinguiſh'd; therefore the Poet gives the Elephant the Epithet of *Half-reaſoning*, yet notwithſtanding being in the rank of Brutes it was,

" for ever ſep'rate, *tho'* for ever near."

And again,

—" Middle Natures how they long to join,
" Yet never paſs th' inſuperable Line;" [z]

by which it is plain that our Engliſh Poet was deſcribing

——— " the nice Barrier,
" and thin partition ———

betwixt the Elephant's amazing Inſtinct and the Reaſon of Man, and the *Greek Philoſopher* was treating of a quite different Subject; *the Connections of the mental Powers in the* HUMAN *Mind one with another*, as I have been explaining; never-

[x] Mr. *Pope*'s Eſſay on Man, Epiſtle the 1ſt. [y] Ibid.
[z] *Pope*'s Eſſay on Man.

nevertheleſs ſuch is the Strength of modern Criticiſm, that *Ariſtotle* is, by an *Adept in the Myſteries of it*, MADE into ſuch Engliſh (to uſe the Expreſſion of Tranſlators) as quite deſtroys all his Reaſoning. Well might he call the ancient Philoſophers FOOLS IN THEORY, if he underſtood 'em all in this Manner! The Objects, we find, receiv'd that Hue from the Medium they were view'd thro' ;

" All ſeems infected which th' Infected ſpy,
" As all looks Yellow to the jaundic'd Eye."[a]

Such Blunders are ridiculous indeed, yet I wiſh for the ſake of human Nature he had no greater faults than the Error of miſapplied Talents in theſe Notes and Commentaries ; for what can be ſaid in his Vindication for that moſt conſpicuious want of Charity, and Unfaithfulneſs to the Truſt Mr. *Pope* repos'd in him, in that invidious Perverſion of the well-deſerv'd Compliment his Author was pleas'd to pay that great and good Man Mr. *Foſter?* It is well known Mr. *Pope* was ſo invariably attach'd to Principles, that he was never (as no ſenſible Man will be, or an honeſt one can be) byaſs'd to any Faction or *Set of Men* whatever, but, to uſe his own Expreſſion,

" To Virtue only, and her Friends a Friend ;"

looking upon nothing as a ſurer Mark of a poor Underſtanding and a worſe Heart, than a denial of proper Praiſe to Merit, under whatever Denomination diſtinguiſh'd. Among others therefore of remarkable Benevolence, ſuch as Mr. ALLEN, whoſe amiable Diſpoſition I wiſh our Commentator was as nearly allied to as he is to his Family, and the *Man of Roſs*, the late Mr. *Kyrle* of *Hereford-ſhire*, whom he is pleas'd to ſtrip of the Wreaths the

[a] Eſſ. on Critic.

the generous Poet adorn'd his Shrine with; he thought that moſt excellent Preacher and *humane* Chriſtian, Mr. *Foſter*, deſerv'd a poetical Notice for thoſe many Virtues centring in one, which divided might well adorn Ten——; his Maſter therefore ſaid,

" Let modeſt *Foſter*, if he will, excell
" Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;" [b]

a Commendation ſo plain, that one would imagine it was out of the Power of Dulneſs to miſtake, or the moſt prejudic'd Partiality to dare to miſinterpret; nevertheleſs, thro' the fault of one or the other, Mr. *W.* has perverted the *ſincere* Tribute his Author paid to a moſt diſtinguiſh'd Character, into ſuch a flegmatic Strain of cold Satire, as the frigid Blood even of a Dutch Lampoon Writer would ſhiver at. " This confirms (ſays he) " an Obſervation which MR. HOBBES made long " ago, that there be very few Biſhops that act " a Sermon ſo well as divers Preſbyterians and " fanatic Preachers do." [c] Here Mr. *Foſter*, who breathes the pureſt Spirit of that Religion and Liberty wherewith our bleſſed Guide *made us free*, is ridicul'd for *a Mode of Faith*, and the *Reverend* Philoſopher of *Malmeſbury*, who was a profeſs'd Atheiſt, but yet for political Reaſons exalted in his *Leviathan* the Crook and the Mitre, is very reſpectfully introduc'd to utter Oracles. Glorious Inſtance either of Fidelity to a Truſt, or of a critical Acumen! Sure *Tully*'s Obſervation on the Audience of an Orator was never more greatly verified than in this Inſtance. " Plura enim " Homines judicant ODIO, aut amore, aut cupi- " ditate, aut IRACUNDIA, aut dolore, aut errore, " aut

[b] Epilog. to the Satires, vol. 4. p. 312.
[c] Vol. 4. p. 312.

" aut aliqua permotione mentis, quam VERI-
" TATE." [a]

So far I think I have given a good account of the preſent State of *Modern Criticiſm* in this Iſland of *Great Britain*, under its great Founder our Commentator; having ſelected a few Paſſages from innumerable others of *the ſame ſort*, as a poliſh'd Specimen to the Public, of what mighty Advantages we may in time expect from this *newly* improv'd Art, by one who no doubt will at laſt carry it downward to its utmoſt *Profundity* or Perfection. Nor ſhould I do this great Man proper Juſtice to leave unnotic'd his Elegance of deſign in another Art, that of Sculpture, wherewith, he ſeems in his Preface to inſinuate, that he has by *his own* Directions adorned this Edition. Before I finiſh this Letter therefore I think it incumbent upon me to conſider his Taſte in the Province of a Siſter Muſe to Poetry, wherein, as it ſeems, he does not a little affect to be thought a *Connoiſſeur*. Among others of theſe *pictured* Illuſtrations, the Frontiſpiece to the Whole; the Plate prefixed to the Epiſtle to Lord *Bathurſt* on the Uſe of Riches; and three in the Eſſay on Man; will give the Curious a lively Idea of his happy Genius in *Deſign*.

For my own Part I ſhould have thought nothing would have been ſo proper a Frontiſpiece to this Work as a Buſt of the Poet himſelf, taken from a Painting of ſome good Maſter, and engraven by *Houbracken*, *Boitard*, or one of the moſt eminent Hands in *Europe*. Inſtead of which, the Plate is embaraſſed with a trite taſteleſs Group of allegorical Perſonages. On the Left is a great Motherly Figure repreſenting a



[a] Cicer. de orat. lib. 2.

*Virgin* Muſe, ſquatting upon a Cloud, and caſting a *Bœotian* Countenance in an extatic Glare up to Heaven. On the Right we are preſented with the Idea of *Biography* under the lovely Form of a full-breaſted Angel, with her Eye fixed upon her admired Muſe. She has a Book upon her Lap, and a Pen in her *Left* Hand, ingeniouſly denoting thereby that ſhe is very *aukwardly* writing the Life of the Poet the Muſe inſpired. To compleat the Whole, a Pyramid in the Middle is ſurcharged, as the Heralds call it, with a very ſmall medallic Buſt of Mr. *Pope* in Profile; to which is linked below a very fat Head, hung there, I ſuppoſe, (as the *Middleſex* Juſtices do other Heads in Caſes of Murder) *to find an Owner*; for, as a Ballad-Maker wittily and wiſely ſung upon one of thoſe Occaſions,

" We all conclude there muſt have been
" A Body to this Head."

But to what Body it belonged, I leave Time to diſcover.

The Device to the Epiſtle to Lord *Bathurſt* is ſtill more ingenious and *expreſſive*, which the following Lines in that Epiſtle gave the Hint of; and for fear that Circumſtance ſhould not be underſtood, they are underwritten like the Names of Animals on *Dutch* Sign Poſts.

" Who ſees pale *Mammon* pine amidſt his Store,
" Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor.
" This Year a *Reſervoir* to keep and ſpare,
" The next a *Fountain* ſpouting thro' his Heir.

From theſe metaphorical Expreſſions the Plate is decorated with a *Reſervoir* and a *Fountain*; for knowing *Horace*'s Rule to be true,

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus——

he

He gives the Reader as a ſubſidiary Illuſtration to his Notes and Commentaries the Knowledge of what theſe Things were from Intuition.

Since Mr. *W.* has been pleas'd to tell the Public what *a Man of Wit obſerved* concerning me, I ſhall take the Liberty of Retaliation, and tell him what another Man of Wit obſerved concerning him. As I was one Day in Converſation mentioning the very large Anchor he has loaded poor HOPE with, a Friend of mine, whoſe Wit (not like our Critic's Friend's) is neither above *Senſe* nor *contrary* to it, ludicrouſly call'd it, in the Sailors Phraſe, HOPE's *Sheat-Anchor*, adding, that as Mr. *W.* had loſt his *Charity* perverſely in the Study of the Goſpel, whoſe Eſſence it is; and being reduced to *Faith* and *Hope* without their other more heavenly Companion, he thought it neceſſary to furniſh *Hope* with a *Sheat-Anchor* to ſtay *his* Religion againſt the Waves of REASON, *behind the Mole caſt up by the civil Magiſtrate.*

Among theſe allegorical Deſigns, I am ſurprized a celebrated *French* Author never furniſhed him with a very remarkable Perſonage. This truly taſteful Critic, treating upon theſe Subjects, and exemplifying his Precepts, ſays, " La France " répréſénté ſous une Figure de Femme, le Ti- " bre répréſénté ſous une Figure d'homme " couché, & la CALOMNIE ſous une figure de " Satyre, ſont des Perſonages allegoriques." [e] The laſt is the worthy Perſonage I mean, whoſe miſanthropical Diſpoſition our Commentator is ſo intimately acquainted with.

Such are the Merits of this pompous Edition! and yet we find the Editor covering a gigantic Vanity under the gawſe Cloak of conſcientious



[e] Reflexions Critique ſur la Peinture & la Poeſie, Sect. 24.

Concern for the Intereſt of Mr. *Pope*'s Executors; " If the Publick hath waited *(ſays he)* longer " than the Deference due to it ſhould have ſuf- " fered, it was owing to a Reaſon which the " Editor needs not make a Secret: It was his " Regard to the Family Intereſt of his deceaſed " Friend. Mr. *Pope*, at his Death, left large " Impreſſions of ſeveral Parts of his Works un- " ſold; the Property of which was adjudged to " belong to his Executors; and the Editor was " willing they ſhould have Time to diſpoſe of " them to the beſt Advantage before the Publi- " cation of THIS EDITION (which had been long " prepared) ſhould [*do what?*] put a Stop to the " Sale." [f]

I ſuppoſe it was upon the ſame conſcientious Principle, that, during this charitable Delay, he buſied himſelf in *making* new, and reviſing his old Notes upon the immortal Bard of *Avon*; and having carried his victorious Pen ſo far as to flatten the Strains of that Son of Imagination, by correcting the original Text

" To all ſuch Readings as were never read," and at length writing ſuch Stuff as neither he himſelf, nor any body elſe, could read at all; [f] he *kindly* gave, by that Specimen of his critical Capacity, a Hint to thoſe low-ſpirited Creatures, who have not a Reliſh for his favourite *Sorts* of Wit,

---

[f] See *the Canons of Criticiſm*, written, as our Critic informs us, by Mr. *Edwards* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, wherein the Author has given us an Inſtance of Mr. *W*'s great Preciſion in one of his Notes, where that Commentator by Trade having gutted a Crowd of innocent Words of their Vowels by Eliſion, and leaving the poor Conſonants to ſtand by themſelves; he *ſays*, *I would write ſo*; not, *I would read ſo*, as his uſual Expreſſion is in other Places, being conſcious no body could *read* the Paſſage at all.

Wit, (which he divides into two Species, one ABOVE *Senſe, and one* CONTRARY *to it*) that they might purchaſe, if they pleaſed, the old Copies of *Pope*'s *unenlighten'd* Works, for that the Notes and Commentaries with which he intended to illuſtrate his much-expected Edition, ſhould be ſuch alone as would fall under one Species or the other, of the above-mentioned Wit or Criticiſm.

This I muſt impartially confeſs was a fair and candid Proceeding, and it would have been well had his Treatment of Mr. *Edwards* of *Lincoln*'s *Inn* been conſiſtent with ſo *charitable* a Beginning. But, contrary to the Thanks he deſerved when that ingenious Gentleman had with a great deal of Humour convinced the Public, that this *Poet-queller* had thoroughly executed his Deſign, and that his Notes were not calculated for the Meridian of *Common Senſe*, our Critic miſtaking the friendly Intention of the Author, moſt *ſeriouſly* and *ſoberly* abuſes him in a Note in the very Work he had ſo greatly recommended to Mr. *W*'s Admirers, and aſſures the World of a Thing, which he thought muſt inevitably deſtroy his literary Reputation, that he was a Man of no Family, or, to uſe his own Expreſſion, *a Gentleman of the laſt Edition.* [g] To be ſure ſuch a Stroke of Wit muſt ſink the Character of any Adverſary! For what a Blockhead muſt a Man be not to beget himſelf upon a good Family! And indeed had not Mr. *Warburton*'s Information in this Point been what in the Language of *Parnaſſus* is called *poetical Invention*, but in the more coarſe Dialect of the Law, a *defamatory Lie*, it would have been an unanſwerable Inſtance of Mr. *Edwards*'s

[g] A Note in the Dunciad.

*Edwards*'s Dulneſs and Want of critical Knowledge, not to have begot himſelf upon a very good Family. But this Gentleman finding that his Father had ſome time before done that Service for him, he ſpares himſelf at preſent that Trouble, and waits till Mr. *W.* will teach him in one of his Digreſſions of the long-expected concluding Volume of *the Divine Legation of Moſes*, a new Art of *corporeal Regeneration*.

If there be any

" quibus videar nimis acer,"

let 'em conſider the Provocation I have received *particularly*, and the *general* Conduct of the Man it came from. Then I'm convinced no Expreſſion, however too harſh or too luſory it might otherwiſe appear, will need the leaſt Apology. Should it be objected that I began the Controverſy by calling in queſtion his ſpeculative Opinions, I would anſwer, that every Man has a Right to do ſo by another's, if he thinks 'em erroneous. But let it be obſerved at the ſame time, that I never reproached his private Morals What can juſtify him then in calumniating mine, by the moſt deteſtable Charge of *every Iniquity of Abuſe and Slander?* Had I anonymouſly ſtabbed his Reputation with baſe and falſe Inſinuations againſt his Honeſty, like an Aſſaſſin in the Dark, with a poiſon'd Stiletto, he might juſtly have call'd me a Slanderer; but as I never ſay or write what I *dare* not own, I never publiſh nameleſs *Letters to Editors*,[h] nor reſerve an Avowal of ſuch Performances till after a Man's Death, whoſe Pen I am afraid of when living.

Upon the Whole, had Mr. *Warburton* attacked alone my *Writings*, he might have enjoyed his

[h] This alludes to a Pamphlet publiſhed about two Years ago, entitled, *A Letter to the Editor*, &c.

his imaginary Triumph in Repoſe, being fully convinced of the Truth of Dr. *Bentley*'s Maxim, *That no Man was ever wrote out of his literary Reputation but by himſelf.* Or indeed had it been poſſible for one Stroke of this tremendous Gentleman's Pen to have undone me as an Author, it could never have given great Uneaſineſs to one, who being independent of, and unconnected with the World by all Ties but thoſe of Humanity, has no farther Affection to thoſe Arts Mr. *W.* is ſo enamour'd of, than as Subjects for *Amuſement*; never thinking any *Art* ſo much worth my *Study*, as that by which we gain a Habit *of doing unto all Men, as we could wiſh they would do unto us.* Nor am I ſo ambitious of being an Adept in any *Science*, ſo much as *that* which teaches us the moſt reſigned Submiſſion to the all-perfect Author of our Being, and the Relation one Man bears, and the Duty he owes, to another. From a proper Conſideration of which reſults an unfeigned Endeavour to mitigate the Pangs of Affliction, to relieve the Wants of the Diſtreſſed, to wipe away the Tears of the Widow, and to lull the Cries of the Orphan to Repoſe. Thoſe who can attain to theſe are ennobled without Titles; wealthy in a Competency without Riches; and truly learned without other Knowledge. Without them, the Man who glows in the moſt pompous Appellations Royal Patents can beſtow, is of the Mob; who poſſeſſes all that *Peru* encompaſſes, is poor; and who knows all *Salmaſius* ever thought himſelf Maſter of, is ignorant.

Theſe are the Arts and Sciences I am moſt deſirous of excelling in; and if Mr. *W.* will leave me in the peaceable Study of them, he is welcome to *ſhine*, unenvied for me, in all the reſt, from metaphyſical Flights in the Clouds, down

to

to humble Inſpection into the Entrails of a Muck-Worm. I would by no means hereby be miſunderſtood, to affect a total Neglect of that *honeſt* Fame, which a well-meant Endeavour to ſerve Mankind in Arts and Sciences brings home with it; for I think a more laudable Incentive to Action cannot inſpire a human Breaſt: My Contempt is levell'd only at thoſe *uſeleſs* Arts and Branches of Science, which neither tend to mend the Heart nor improve the Underſtanding; and are only cultivated by thoſe who are deſirous, at *any Rate*, to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the open-mouth'd and wondering Multitude.

I had rather have it ſaid I was an *Honeſt* Man, who endeavoured to do all the Good in my Power, than to have my Name loaded with all the ſounding Epithets that go to the Compoſition of a *Modern Great One.*

To a Mind thus diſpos'd, no Time can be more diſagreeably ſpent than the three or four Evenings in which I have been under the unpleaſing Neceſſity, in order to vindicate my own Character, of throwing together theſe few curſory Remarks on the intolerant Spirit of another Man, who cannot think of any who differ from him in Opinion, without Paſſion, or ſpeak of them without Calumny. But if this unuſual Trouble, irkſome as it is, has cleared my Name from the Dirt he has caſt upon it, and convinced you, and every Friend to Truth, how little the Head or Heart of my Adverſary ought to be relied upon, in his Teſtimony concerning others, it will by no means be afterwards regretted by,

*SIR,*

*Thurgarton, Oct.* 30, 1751.

*Your* &c. &c.

J. G. C.